TUCKETT. BINDER. BRITISH MUSEUM

As true we are as fleſh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will ſhew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree,
We cannot croſſe the cauſe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworne.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine?
Ber. Did they quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſauage man of *Inde.*)
At the firſt opening of the Gorgeous Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blinde.
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptorie Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Maieſtie?
Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Miſtreſſe) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light,
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*,
O, but for my Loue day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd ſoueraignety,
Doe meet as at a Faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the floriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rhetoricke, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of Sale a ſellers praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot,
A withered Hermite, fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake of fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O'tis the Sunne, that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oath? Where is a Booke?
That I may ſweare beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full ſo blacke.

Kin. O Paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heauens well.
Ber. Deuils ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vſurping haire
Should rauiſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe borne to make black, faire,
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For natiue bloud is counted painting now.
And therefore red, that would auoyd diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To looke like her are Chimny-ſweepers blacke.
Lon. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright.
King. And *Æthiops* of their ſweet complexion cracke.
Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.
Ber. Your Miſtreſſes dare neuer come in raine,
For feare her colours ſhould be waſht away.
Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fairer face not waſht to day.
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomes-day here.
Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then ſo much as ſhee.
Duma. I neuer knew man hold vile ſtuffe ſo deere.
Lon. Looke heer's thy Loue, my foot and her face ſee.
Ber. O if the ſtreetes were paued with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Duma. O vile, then as ſhe goes what vpward lies?
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd ouer head.
Kin. But what of this are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.
Kin. Then leaue this chat, and good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing, lawfull, and our faith not torne.
Dum. I marry there, ſome flattery for this euill.
Long. O ſome authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the Diuell.
Dum. Some ſalue for periurie.
Ber. O 'tis more then neede.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Conſider what you firſt did ſweare vnto:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.21) Octavo